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Mid-Summer
1920

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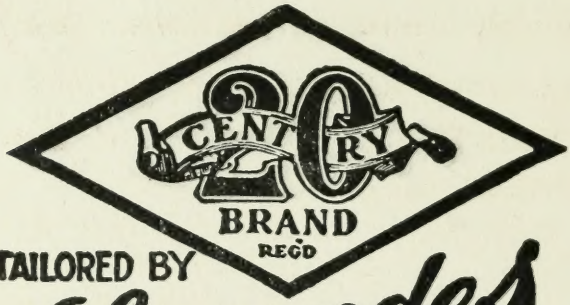

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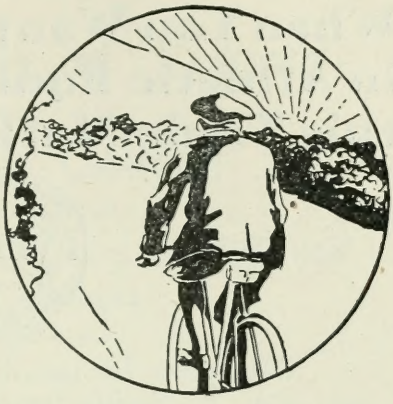

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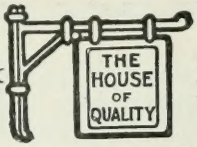

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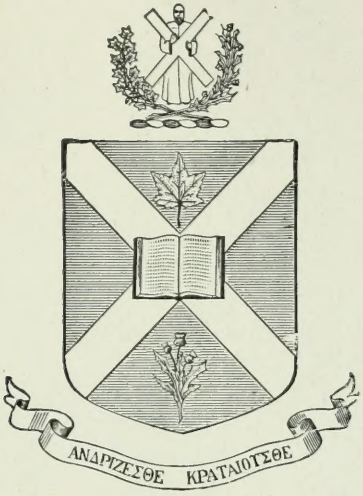

Midsummer, 1920

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Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Midsummer, 1920

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REVIEW STAFF, 1919-1920.

St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1920

EDITORIAL.

Summer again! and with it the many enjoyments associated with the season when Nature is at her best after dreary winter. Holidays come at the end of a term which passes ere we realize it, so occupied are we with countless outdoor activities. Under cloudless skies the cricket crease and tennis court are scenes of healthful exercise, while in the Class Room all has been diligence in preparation for the Form examinations and Matriculation. And now, at the conclusion of another year, we look back and dwell with joy on many happy recollections.

For those leaving us, this last year at school will remain in the memory as the close of the happiest phase of boyhood; others, whose preparation for University is only partially completed, will return, and to them we look for leadership during the coming year. May we by then once more be within the old walls so dear to those who have carried the school's fair name to every land.

Our first visit from His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mrs. Clark, was on the Annual Sports Day at Varsity Stadium, when the prizes were graciously presented by Mrs. Clark. The REVIEW wishes to join in their welcome to St. Andrew's College, where they may be ever assured of a hearty reception.

The splendid success of each of this year's issues is undoubtedly due, in part, to our readers, and advertisers, whose co-operation has been commendable. A greater number of advertisements has had the stimulating effect of increasing our scope. Thus we are indebted to these business concerns, and should reward their help by endeavouring to give them our trade, in preference to those firms which have not the slightest interest in the school or REVIEW.

The Editors desire to take this opportunity of thanking each member of the staff for his part in discharging the duties of the respective departments. Special mention should, perhaps, be made of the work done by Clift in the Athletic section, whose accounts of each important game throughout the year have been a notable feature of the magazine. Cameron, although nominally one of the business managers, has contributed many drawings and essay headings, in addition to his regular

work. For articles, and pictures, we are indebted to Dayment, who has also written the three editorials for the year.

Some will spend the coming vacation at home among friends and relatives; others penetrate the Northern wilds to camp, fish and canoe on virgin lakes; the ardent fisherman takes delight in travelling the course of a cascaded trout-stream, throwing his fly into every pool and eddy; some will travel from one part of this country to another, or even touch on foreign shores; wherever our readers find pleasure, we feel certain that a copy of the REVIEW will accompany them, and our closing wish is that all our friends will find this vacation truly enjoyable.

We are glad to be able to announce to our readers that the school has received assurances from the Government that St. Andrew's College will be given a lease of its old property in North Rosedale. The long summer vacation will give ample time for renovation and preparation of the building for the resumption of school work therein. The building has been little disturbed by the Military Authorities as most of the nursing was done in other buildings erected for that purpose. The school will re-open in its old home next autumn.

Building operations on the site at York Mills have not been given up but are merely postponed owing to the difficulties existing in the building conditions of to-day.

MUSKO—A TALE OF THE WOODS.

On the bank of an unnamed lake two hundred miles from the Hudson Bay Post of La Cloche, stood a little cabin. In it dwelt Pete La France, a trapper, and with him his wolf-dog, Musko.

For eighteen years Pete had lived in that cabin. From it during the winter he set out on his trap lines, returning every night to the comfort of its sheet-iron stove. It was the headquarters for his operations. Like spokes from a giant wheel his trails branched out from it, each one extending for a distance of about ten miles. In this manner he managed to embrace a wide range of country, from which each year he reaped large rewards.

He had now saved ten thousand dollars which, he decided, would keep him for the remainder of his days in his old homestead on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Pete's heart was light as he packed up his few belongings in preparation for an early start down the thousand miles of lakes and rivers to his old home. Home! the memory of it brought to his face a smile, saddened somewhat by the thought of the happy days he had spent in the cabin from which he was so soon to depart.

From a corner, Musko eyed his master through half-closed eyes. To him it was merely the preparation for a trip through the woods which Pete took now and then in search of undiscovered lakes and streams. It was nothing with which he was unfamiliar and so with a grunt he stretched himself, curled up and went to sleep. After half-an-hour of dozing he became conscious of a strange smell in his nostrils. Springing to his feet with a growl, he crossed to the door and sniffed the scent of a strange man through a crack in the stout planks.

"W'at you smell, my boy?" inquired Pete, without halting his packing, "W'at you smell? Eh, porcupine?" Musko, not being able to answer, continued his investigations at the door, growing more and more excited as the smell in his nose grew stronger.

Presently footsteps were heard and immediately afterwards a knock on the door. Pete opened it and admitted a huge man, over six feet tall and broad in proportion, with a face hidden in jet black whiskers out of which glittered a pair of close-set eyes.

"Bonsoir, monsieur, mak' you self at home. You look as if you have travel dang far piece."

"Sure; I have come over from La Cloche. Left there 'bout two weeks ago. Got lost. Me name is Sam McCarter. Live up on the Mackenzie, but come down here for to see a friend."

Making his visitor as comfortable as possible on a three-legged stool, Pete drew up a pail and sat down on the bottom of it. Then in glowing words, for it was not often anyone came to his lonely cabin, he told of his life in the woods and his gradual accumulation of enough money to enable him to return home. Deep in his tale Pete did not notice the glint in McCarter's eyes at the mention of money, nor did he see the searching look with which they regarded every bundle of equipment in the pack laid ready on the floor, if he had, he would not have slept so soundly that night.

Musko, however, by some peculiar instinct, distrusted this black-bearded stranger and had to be ordered back to his corner several times for growling at him. Late in the evening Pete offered his bunk to McCarter and stretched himself out on the floor. He was soon dreaming of home.

It was pitch dark when from the bunk McCarter silently arose. In his hand he held a knife. Slowly, with the stealth of a cat stalking a bird, he crept toward Pete. The distance between cat and bird lessened. But four feet separated them; three feet, almost striking distance, but the first blow must tell; two feet, now was the time. Without a sound McCarter raised the knife then with the swiftness of a snake he struck. The five inch blade sank through deerskin shirt and blanket and penetrated Pete's heart. With a sigh of extreme peace he slowly straightened and then relaxed.

From his corner Musko through troubled dreams heard the blow that ended his master's life. With a snarl of fury he leaped for McCarter's throat, but missing seized his arm and slashed it to the bone. His next leap was met with a bullet from a heavy service revolver. Like a red hot iron the shot seared its way across his head. He was whirled around by a brutal kick and tumbled unconscious across the feet of his dead master.

It was bright daylight before Musko recovered his senses. His brain was whirling and his legs seemed unable to support him. Gradually as he recovered the use of his muscles he crept to Pete's head and licked his face. There was no response. Then like a flash the truth dawned on him. His master was dead. The one he worshipped as a god was sleeping his last sleep, killed by the hand of one he had befriended. With a nervous whine Musko seated himself on his haunches and sent forth the long wailing death-cry of the wolf. Three miles away McCarter heard it and shivered. He had killed other men before, but they had died with a shriek, never with a sigh of peace and contentment as Pete had done. The thought of it unnerved him. Would *he* die peacefully with the surety of rest in the next world?

. . . . . .

Two years later a huge wolf-dog was pacing to and fro in a cage of willow boughs, which opened out into a larger cage, on the opposite side of which was another smaller one in which a mastiff with his face to the ring of onlookers, was standing. This was the night of the annual dog-fight at Port Jackson. The betting was fast and excitement ran high, although it was January and the thermometer registered 40° below.

Two men stepped forward and opened the doors leading into the larger cage. With savage prods they drove the penned up animals into the centre. The wolf-dog needed little encouragement. It was not for nothing that he had been tortured and starved to be made ready for this occasion. For an instant the two eyed each other, then closed. When they parted the wolf dog was minus half of his left ear, but the mastiff was done. His throat was torn and slashed to ribbons. He was dying rapidly, but game to the last. He made a last rush at the wolf and missed. The force of his onrush carried him against the wooden bars which suddenly snapping left a gaping hole through which he struggled, only to fall over on the snow, dead.

As the mastiff's owner ran forward the wolf reached the opening. Just outside the bars he stopped short. Who was this man before him? With the memory of a certain night two long years ago returning to his mind, recognition came. It was the stranger who had murdered Pete La France. Without a sound, in the twinkling of an eye, the wolf leaped, slashed with inch long fangs and vanished.

Thirty seconds later Sam McCarter with blood streaming from his severed jugular vein and reddening the snow drew his last breath, while deep in the friendly shadows of the forest a lone wolf sped along in answer to the call of the pack. Musko was satisfied, he had done his duty.

J. H. SUPPLE.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COMMERCE.

Once, in the earlier days of the United States, there lived, near Albany a young American ploughboy who had a vision. He saw himself, a master among men, he saw his works, spread in a thousand cities, and he saw, above all a wondrous work of art, which some day he would erect. He dreamed of leaving something, after he was himself forgotten, which should stand a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

But he was no idle dreamer, this boy, and the world was good to him and so, in the course of years he became, as he had dreamed, a potent factor in the commercial life of one of the world's greatest cities, New York. Master of millions though he was, Frank W. Woolworth was looked upon by the leading men of Lower Manhatten as a cheap-jack. an upstart, a man of poor taste and more or less of a money grabber However, they did not know of the great desire of this man to whom they so barely condescended, nor did they reckon with his latent love of beauty and strength, which had never died from his brain; and one day he surprised them all.

He had, too, the very human desire to excel in one way, if not in another, and thus the idea of the Woolworth Building was born. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied merely that it should be the world's tallest office building; he would make it a thing of world-wide admiration, and thus not only profit financially by the advertisement, but gain the respect of all for his excellent taste as well.

When all the engineering plans were completed the task of choosing the style of structure was left to Mr. Woolworth himself. After a great deal of deliberation he selected the English Gothic and soon his dream, long since fabricated, began to rise in actuality.

One hundred and ten feet down, into the bed-rock of Manhattan Island the engineers dug, erecting sixty-nine massive concrete pillars and from these a network of steel, like a gigantic bridge on end, rose for 792 feet. Thus the actual height of the building, from the bed-rock to the tip of the highest jewel-like pinnacle becomes something more than 900 feet.

Mr. Woolworth spared no expense to make his building as safe as possible and the enormous structure weighing approximately 223,000 tons is constructed, by a peculiar method never before employed, to resist any wind strain up to that of a hurricane blowing from 900 to 1,000 miles an hour. Each floor is braced diagonally so that any wind-strain striking an upper floor is transmitted by means of the diagonal down to the next floor, then back down the opposite diagonal to the

floor below, and so on, lace-fashion, till the strain is lost altogether, or reaches the concrete foundations. Moreover, the immense weight of the building gives a pressure on the anchoring piers much greater than any possible upward wind pressure.

One of the greatest wonders of this city-in-building is the system of elevators. There are twenty-nine of these modern, high-speed cars, which rise 700 feet in a minute. They seem to drop 700 feet in a second! There are two of these which operate from the ground to the fifty-seventh floors and with one was worked out perhaps one of the most unique and amazing tests ever devised. The car was raised to the fifty-seventh floor and loaded with three tons weight on top of which was placed a glass of water. Then, all safety devices having been removed, the car was allowed to fall seven hundred feet, apparently to absolute destruction. But when it reached the bottom, not even a drop of water had been spilled from the glass! The secret is this; each shaft is like a long concrete tube into which the car fits exactly, so that when it drops, the air in the shaft beneath forms a cushion, as the car proceeds, becomes stronger, thus bringing the car to a gradual stop at the bottom.

To the person approaching New York, from no matter what direction, this wonder tower is the first thing seen. In the early morning, the traveller on the Hudson may see its slender form rising above its neighbours, white and delicately beautiful in the first rays of the morning sun, and at night, to the Ocean-bound voyager it is the last impression of New York, its cathedral-like grace illumined by the light from four thousand windows, as well as by great batteries of powerful searchlights, rising, tier over tier, surmounted by a ball of fire, which, when viewed from the ground resembles a sapphire set against soft, black velvet.

The mechanical working of the Woolworth building is something stupendous. The task of supplying its 4,000 rooms, each with electric current is taken care of by four huge generating plants, any one alone large enough to run a street railway system, which require 2,000 tons of coal a month to operate. In the winter, and the upper floors certainly need it, heat is supplied by the exhaust steam from these generators, while in the summer the offices are scientifically cooled by a refrigerating system when the rest of New York is sizzling at ninety-eight in the shade

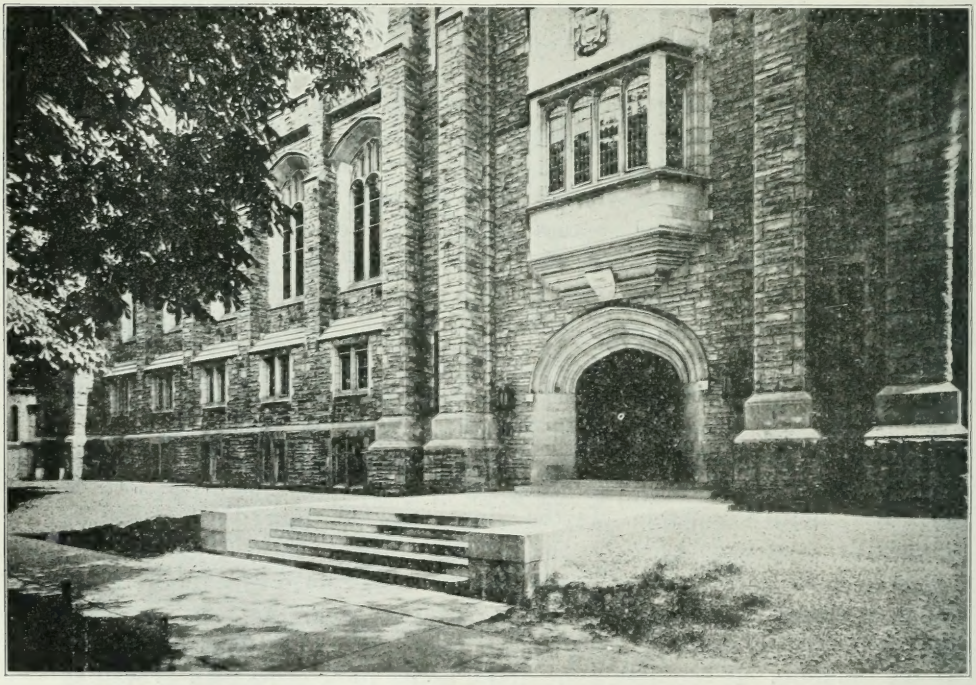
A veritable army of attendants is employed for the maintenance of the building. It contains a fire and a police force of its own as well as very numerous electricians and plumbers, roofers and mechanics. It is equipped with eighteen hundred telephones which make, each year, a total of about eight million calls.

In interior decoration the structure is dignified, simple and quiet, but strong and surpassingly effective. In spacious corridors, and in rooms

where a king might dwell, may be found walls of wonderful carving, striking in their excellence, and delightful ceilings of jewel-like mosaic, in which sparkling electric lights are concealed, glistening like diamonds amidst a setting of rare gems, while, adorning the rotundas and arcades, are many delicate and graceful balconies, hanging from walls of magnificent golden marble.

Mr. Woolworth, the magician-in-chief of this wonderful palace of art, is dead, but his great monument will stand for years, whither many thousands come daily to transact their thousand and one affairs and perhaps, to pay their tribute to the memory of the builder of this truly marvellous Cathedral of Commerce.

ALLEN A. PRINGLE.



ST. GEORGE STREET

THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE MINSTREL SHOW.

On April 30th, the St. Andrew's College Literary Society, a group of boys (or Niggahs) under the supervision of Mr. King (Chief Niggah) introduced to the school a new kind of amusement in the form of a minstrel show. The performance was given in the large dining hall, which was made to seat three hundred, and by eight o'clock there were very few seats unoccupied.

Stirrett, the business manager, opened the proceedings with a speech, and an introduction of the cast. The first number on the programme was "Oh! By Jingo" in which the whole chorus took part. The second, was a recitation by Daly in which he gave us some excellent reasons for being always happy. His recitation was followed at intervals by "Down by the Old Mill Stream", a solo and quartette; "Carolina Sunshine" by Grayson and Smith I; and "Golden Gate" by the whole company. These musical numbers were interspersed by numerous amusing local (and foreign) jokes, in which Cameron and Daly took the chief part. This ended the first act.

During the interval Stirrett introduced the orchestra, "Faust" Giffin, at the piano, "Dark" Gray, Cameron II and Hillary, violinists, Hunter, clarionetist, and "Murray" MacPherson, drummer.

The curtains parted for the second act revealing something we never suspected. We always thought Cameron and Grayson were good friends, but they certainly didn't trust each other in the second act. We never thought Cameron and Grayson were gamblers, but they proved to be professionals. By the end of the scene there were on the stage, a plumber's pistol, a boulder, a weighty piece of pipe and (who knows?) two concealed but very useful razors. After giving us a lesson in scientific poker playing they went off to have a game of "Galloping dominoes". While they were engaged in this questionable pastime the chorus sang "Oh". This finished, Cameron told us of his ludicrous escape from the police and then gave us some of his personal troubles to worry over, but considering the high price of chickens and eggs one wonders why he was so extremely sad. After this came "Who Stole the Lock?" by a quartette. Grayson next told us of his sorrowful experiences with his would-be, or rather wouldn't-be, father-in-law, in a clever parody "Shoes". The following scene was composed of a number of clever imitations by the interlocutor. Mr. King must be a ventriloquist as well as a mosquito, for, though it was out of season for the above-mentioned insects, one might have observed a very nervous chorus. Mr. King also proved to be an excellent saw-mill, motor boat, airplane, steam-engine and motor-

car (self-starter and otherwise), and he made us look twice to see if he had not turned into Mr. Laidlaw or Mr. Tudball. Shroeder, who was found to have a deep base voice of remarkable quality, favoured us with a well-sung solo, "Asleep in the Deep", following which Cameron and Daly, with the Hawaian guitar and ukalele, gave us some local news in verse form and finished with a highly appreciated duet in which Cameron showed off his voice to good advantage. The quartette then sang "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie" and following this the whole company sang "Mandy", finishing the Second Act.

During the second interval G. B. Gray favoured us with an excellent violin solo.

In the third act the company portrayed, in a life-like manner, the way in which the southern darkies spend their evenings on "The Old Plantation" while singing "Tenting Tonight". For the last number Mr. King gave an enjoyable rendering of "The Rosary" on the Hawaian guitar. "God Save the King" concluded the first minstrel show given by the boys of St. Andrew's College and, judging by the way in which it was enjoyed, it will not by any means be the last.

Cast

Heliotrope Sambo	end men	"Bus" Daly "Jack" Cameron
Interlocutor		Mr. T. R. King
George Washington Short Rastus Roosevelt Bores Charles Sherwin Williams Peter Morning-glory Green	quartette	"Pete" Grayson "Jerry" Smith "Bill" Findlay "Buck" Schroeder

Chorus

"Al" Peene, "Joey" Glenn, "Abe" Gould, "Al" Reynolds, "George" Hutchings, "Ken" Howard, "Seymore" Scythes, "Choppy" Grant.

Orchestra

"Faust" Giffin, pianist; Gray, Cameron II, Hillary, violinists; "Murray" MacPherson, Traps; "Al" Hunter, clarionetist.

Executive

Manager.....Mr. T. R. King	Stage Manager.....Earle I
Bus. Mngr.....'Kid" Stirrett	Assist. Mngr. .....Sissons
Musical Director.....Giffin	Electrician .....McGregor

Committee

Grayson, Smith I, Findlay I, Schroeder.

UNCLE JOSH, DRAMATIC CRITIC.

I.

In April I attended a minstrel show. It was the first exhibition of dramatic art I had witnessed since Uncle Tom's Cabin played to a full house in the Temperance Hall at the Corners.

My Uncle Josh was staying at the King Edward and in recognition of his kindness to me, I invited him to attend the St. Andrew's minstrel show with me. He, being tired of going to the Star and Gaiety, accepted. So on that wonderful night, in full regalia, we arrived at the door of the dining hall and were shown to our seats by one of the handsome, and distinguished ushers.

II.

Uncle became greatly interested in two very pretty young ladies in the front row; for a middle-aged, married-man and a church elder into the bargain, uncle displays at times an amazing degree of frivolity, especially when he makes a journey unaccompanied by Aunt Miranda.

A group of tough-looking young characters were seated on tables at the back. Uncle thought they were newsboys and wanted to aid them; I explained to him that they were my fellow schoolmates.

The orchestra struck up, after a speech by one of the prefects, who, uncle says, would make a good farmhand. I explained to him that the boy was from an oil city. Uncle replied that he wouldn't want anyone with oily ways around him.

The orchestra frightened uncle; the boy at the traps was amazing and caused uncle to say, "By gum, By gum"; many times. But oh the singing! it touched our rustic sense of harmony. We could imagine ourselves listening to the bull-frog chorus, behind the barn, in the good old summer-time.

The baritone soloist came out and with forehead beaded with perspiration and emotion, tried in vain to burst his arrow collar. It was a great and inspiring moment, each time he shouted, "Beware!" I felt happy I wasn't a sailor.

End-men, the name given to the fellows who did all the talking, was a mistake, they never came to an end. They made people laugh or laughed themselves, mostly.

The tall minstrel was favoured by good fortune; he persisted in trying to pull down the cord which held up the curtain, with his chin. Fortunately he was unsuccessful, though a lot of other minstrels tried to pull down the house with their jokes. Uncle thought the minstrels were

bricklayers with their white trousers, and even when I enlightened him, persisted in saying out loud to my great confusion, "Well, they ought to be bricklayers anyway".

On went the show; each time the lights went out uncle grasped his watch and only breathed freely when the lights went on again. He thought the spotlight was someone's gold tooth shining in the dark.

The pianist with the inspired appearance caught both our fancies; it seemed as if he were Beethoven composing his Alcoholic Blues, or Paderewski playing Jazz Baby. When he was mentioned as musical director he arose and inclining his head slightly letting the audience see the top of it; his hair was brushed.

There were three violinists, one of whom gave a solo that nearly broke my heart, it was entitled, "Please applaud, I'm entitled to that much".

Then too, beside the pianist was one engaged in that sport so dear to St. Andrew's boys, namely, blowing his own horn.

III.

At the end of the most perfect day the sun must sink to rest, so the great St. Andrew's minstrel show drew to a close.

The purpose of this narrative is to convey the impressions of my great kinsman, Uncle Josh, and myself. Uncle Josh has read a lot in his day (the day he had neuralgia he read Dr. Belcher's Almanac right through, jokes and all), and could appreciate the humour of the whole show, better perhaps than anyone. His opinion was this, "The show's fine except there were too darn many niggers in it; the song 'Buy Low' should put the kibosh on the H.C.L., nobody could 'Buy High' after that. My esteemed relative was much pleased and bestowed a dime upon me all at once; therefore I think that the show was a profitable and satisfying experience.

The criticisms herein contained are merely professional. I say this because I do not wish any blocking up of the corridor by those wishing to refute my statements about their respective performances.

I would compliment each in turn, but no doubt they have already done so themselves.

K. B. Carson.

CAVE ARBOREM

When I received the position of wireless-operator on the steamer "Albatross" I considered myself very lucky. It is true I had had several years' experience, but then I had not been in that part of the world very long, and I was not very well known in wireless circles.

The "Albatross" was a tourist vessel sailing from San Francisco and making five-week trips through the islands of the South Pacific. I learned that she was preparing to start on one of these trips in a few days, and so I visited the ship and proceeded to make myself at home. A few days later the "Albatross" weighed anchor and steamed out past the Golden Gate into the Pacific. We had a large number of passengers on board and as we were favoured with splendid weather the days passed very quickly. Most of my previous work had been done in the North Atlantic and so these sunny days and clear moonlit nights seemed wonderful to me. The work was not very strenuous, consisting as it did of sitting for about half the day with the wireless receivers over my ears, and then letting the junior operator do the same for the rest of the time.

However, these pleasant times did not last long. One night, about two weeks after we had left San Francisco, the sky became cloudy and a rather squally wind arose. By evening the wind had risen to a regular gale, and rain had begun to fall. Next morning a heavy sea was running and everyone stayed below. But it was late in the afternoon when the real crisis came. The lookout, vainly trying to pierce the mist and rain had shouted, "Derelict ahead!" The ship had been running at full speed

trying to combat with the fury of the elements, and when the engineer had tried to reverse her quickly the strain had been too great and the propeller shaft had snapped.

For a short time confusion reigned on board. The cabins and passage ways were filled with frightened, hurrying crowds of people, who frantically asked what was the matter. However, the officers of the ship informed them that they were in no immediate danger, and they calmed down somewhat. But, although the passengers had been reassured, the "Albatross" was in a dangerous position. She was drifting at the mercy of the wind and tide, and we knew that at any moment she might strike a reef or some other hidden peril. When the morning finally came the storm had abated and we found ourselves not far from a small island. The water was found to be shallow enough to permit the use of an anchor, and so we congratulated ourselves on having escaped so easily from our perilous position.

The engineer inspected the damage and said that it could be repaired in a few days. In the meantime, we tried to pass the time away as best we could, and next day a passenger called Jack Linslie, with whom I had struck up a friendship, suggested that we visit the island. I approved of this suggestion, and so early next morning we set off from the ship in a small dinghy.

After a brisk row of about three quarters of a mile we reached the island and narrowly escaped upsetting in the surf. However, we soon beached the dinghy and I jumped out, followed by Jack and my dog Pete, who had accompanied me on most of my former trips and who did not intend to be left behind on this one. If he had known how this trip was going to end he certainly would not have been so anxious to come. Pulling the dinghy up out of reach of the waves we walked along the beach for a short distance and then headed for the interior of the island, as we had determined to explore as much of it as we were able.

We had not progressed very far into the interior when Pete, who had been trotting along ahead of me, suddenly stopped, raised his head, and sniffed the air anxiously. He whimpered a little, and then ran back to me. Was there something wrong? I had owned the dog for several years and knew that his judgment could be trusted. Had some instinct warned him of hidden danger which we could not perceive? I was rather disturbed, but Jack laughed my fears to scorn and said that the dog was crazy. So we proceeded on our way, but Pete kept close behind me, and Jack, despite all his talk, kept a sharp look out in the surrounding foliage.

It was at about this stage of our journey when I became aware of a sweet, elusive fragrance in the air. Jack noticed it too. "I'd like to get

a few of the flowers making that perfume", he said, "we could take some back to the ship". As we advanced through the undergrowth this perfume became stronger. I thought I had never smelled anything so wonderfully, almost, intoxicatingly sweet.

"Don't go so fast, Jack", I called, because I was feeling very tired although we had not had very much exertion that morning. I was inwardly rather ashamed that I was so tired and drowsy on such a fine day, when I should have been so energetic and full of life. But, as I found out later, Jack felt the same as I did. As we continued on our route I noticed another very peculiar thing. Farther back, the ground had been covered with rank grass and many kinds of flowers, but as we advanced I saw that these were gradually disappearing, and in most places the earth was bare of any vegetation whatever, except a few stunted trees.

Presently we reached a large clearing, and saw something which perhaps no human being had ever seen before. Immediately in the centre of this clearing, which was roughly circular, was a very peculiar plant, or rather tree. The most striking feature of this huge plant was its great crimson blossoms, each one of which was held on a long pliable stem. These stems pointed straight upwards, as if held there by some invisible force, and although there was absolutely no wind, they swayed backwards and forwards with a constant, restless motion. The perfume, I noticed, was stronger than ever.

Whether this strange fragrance had dulled our faculties or not, we can never tell, but we were conscious of no thought of danger, and walked toward that extraordinary plant. Arriving there, we stood a few feet from it, marvelling at the matchless colour of the flowers and their exquisite perfume. Suddenly one of these strange flowers seemed to bend down towards me. "Look out", screamed Jack, "that tree is moving!" I jumped back hurriedly, and the flower slowly regained its normal position. But Pete, who had gone in closer to investigate, was not so fortunate. One of these deadly but beautiful flowers descended quickly and fastened itself on his back. He gave a frantic yelp of fear and pain, and tried to wrench himself free, but his movements were stifled by several other flowers which swiftly descended upon him, and his yelps became fainter.

I could not stand this terrible spectacle and ran in to help him. But when I reached his side I saw that he was beyond help, and ran back towards Jack. However, I did not move quickly enough. I was almost out of reach of this terrible plant when I felt a sudden stabbing pain in my arm and I saw that I too had been caught. Half mad with pain and fear I wrenched and pulled my arm with all my force, but to no effect. Jack caught my free arm and tugged frantically, but even our combined

strength was not sufficient to release me from the awful grip of the plant. Then I can remember Jack had his clasp knife open, hacking at the slender stem, which appeared to be tougher than wire. Finally, however, it was severed, and the blossom, harmless when not connected with the mother plant, dropped to the ground. I have a vague memory of running through the woods at full speed after Jack, trying to get far away from that terrible poisonous perfume; and of what happened after that I have no recollection.

. . . . . .

I slowly recovered consciousness, and found myself lying on the beach, with Jack pouring water over me. It was a beautiful calm evening, and it seemed hard to realize that we had been in such deadly peril an hour or so before. I sat up and looked around, and I don't believe I ever saw a more welcome sight than that of our own ship resting at anchor a short distance from the shore.

R. FISHER, I.

LITERARY SOCIETY

Our Old Boys.

OLD BOYS' DINNER AND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Old Boys' Association took place at the College on the evening of Friday, April 9th, 1920, when the Old Boys were the guests of the school at dinner. There were about 160 Old Boys present and the meeting was one of the most successful which the Association has had. While the old boys were gathering on the Academic side of the Building, two Pipers favoured them with selections. The procession to the Dining Hall was led by the Pipers, and the boys were received at the entrance to the Hall by Mrs. Macdonald. During the dinner musical selections were rendered under the direction of the committee of the association.

The Headmaster proposed the toast to the King, after which Mr. Robinson read out the list of those who had given their lives in the War, and a silent toast was drunk to their memory. The toast to the School was proposed by Mr. Kenneth MacLaren, and responded to by Colonel Gooderham, vice-chairman of the Board, and the Headmaster. Mr. Findlay proposed the toast to the Old Boys and it was responded to by Mr. Lyman P. Howe and Mr. R. I. Green, of Montreal.

Mr. H. P. Hill, M.P.P. for Ottawa, one of the old Masters, was present. The Headmaster informed the Old Boys that he had promised Mr. Hill that he would not be asked to speak, so that if he was to be heard from it was necessary for the boys to ask him themselves. Mr. Hill acceded to the request in a most welcome manner.

After the completion of the toast list the Headmaster called Mr. W. B. McPherson, Vice-President of the Old Boys' Association, to take the chair and conduct the business meeting, when the Governors and visitors retired.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

The Old Boys meeting held last April was the most successful we yet have had. There were about 160 present, and all enjoyed a pleasant meeting. Some of the newer Old Boys stated they had never had an invitation to join the Old Boys' Association. During the last year or two the efforts of the Executive Committee have been directed toward the Building Fund Campaign, and the sending out of circular-letters

regarding this work. Membership to the Association has been neglected, but the Executive wish now to extend a hearty invitation to every Old Boy not already a member for 1920, to join us. Every Old Boy should belong. The annual fee is two dollars, and Life Memberships are placed at twenty-five dollars. The annual fee covers the cost of the sending of the Review to each member, and leaves a balance which is deposited and used for running expenses of the Association. The fee for the balance of this year is one dollar, and every Andreian is earnestly requested to join. The boys leaving in this term are especially asked to act on this and be assured of their welcome. Fees may be mailed to the College, and will be promptly acknowledged.

Bear in mind that this section of the Review is always glad to hear news of Old Boys. Whatever it is, let us have it. If it interests you it will interest the rest of us, so bear us in mind and send it along.

The REVIEW congratulates the School and the Old Boys on the permanent appointment to the Board of Governors of Mr. W. B. McPherson and Mr. Albert E. Gooderham, Jr., both of whom were elected some time ago to represent the Old Boys' Association on the Board. It will be gratifying to those who elected them to know that the character of their services was such as to lead the Governors to appoint them to permanent positions on the Board.

The election of the Old Boys' representatives to the Board has been completed and has resulted in the election of Lyman P. Howe, Kenneth B. MacLaren and R. J. Gill. This means that the Old Boys' Association has now five active members on the Board of Governors of the College.

The election of representatives of the Old Boy's Association to the Board of Governors of the school took place in April. The following were elected as representatives for the next three years: Lyman P. Howe, K. B. MacLaren, R. J. Gill.

U. B. MACPHERSON and A. E. GOODERHAM, Jr., were appointed members of the Board of Governors of the school.

The REVIEW wishes to congratulate F. G. Lightbourn, B.A., in being elected president of the Administrative Council of Toronto University. He is one of the many Old Boys who have returned, having seen service in France, and we wish him every success in his new duties.

R. P. SAUNDERS is now partner in the firm Balfour and Saunders, Continental Life Bldg., Toronto.

B. M. CLERK is now Secretary for Boys' Work in the Y.M.C.A., Calgary, Alta.

W. T. BEATTY has taken a position with the Muskoka Wood Manfg. Co., of Huntsville, Ont.

David MacKun was a visitor at the school on May 31st. Before going overseas, where he did very well in the Artillery, he attended R.M.C. Since returning he has been at McGill University and this year won the intercollegiate wrestling title. He was given a hearty reception by the school.

On May 27th Malcolm Isbester visited the school and was a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald. He left the old school on Yonge Street in 1902 and entered business. During the war he was attached to the 59th Battalion as a captain, while in France he won the Military Cross and was mentioned in despatches. He was given a hearty reception by the school as he is one of the pioneers of the Old Boys.

MARRIAGES.

Wm. L. Christie, on May 11th, 1920, to Miss Katharine Burriss.

T. I. Findley, on April 14th, 1920, to Miss Dorothy Candee.

Stuart Verner, on March 31st, 1920, to Miss Margret Dies.

D. B. Carlyle, on May 5th, 1920, to Miss Emily Bull.

Frank M. MacDonald, on May 5th, 1920, to Miss Ethel May Jennings.

Park G. Parker, on June 2nd, to Miss Dorothy Washbburn Lindsey.

Matthew Lyle Foster, on April 21st, 1920, to Miss Mabel Evelyn Watson.

W. Harry Leishman, on April 16th, 1920, to Miss Julia Simpson.

Christie Clark, on April 17th, 1920, to Miss Gwenneth Shannon.

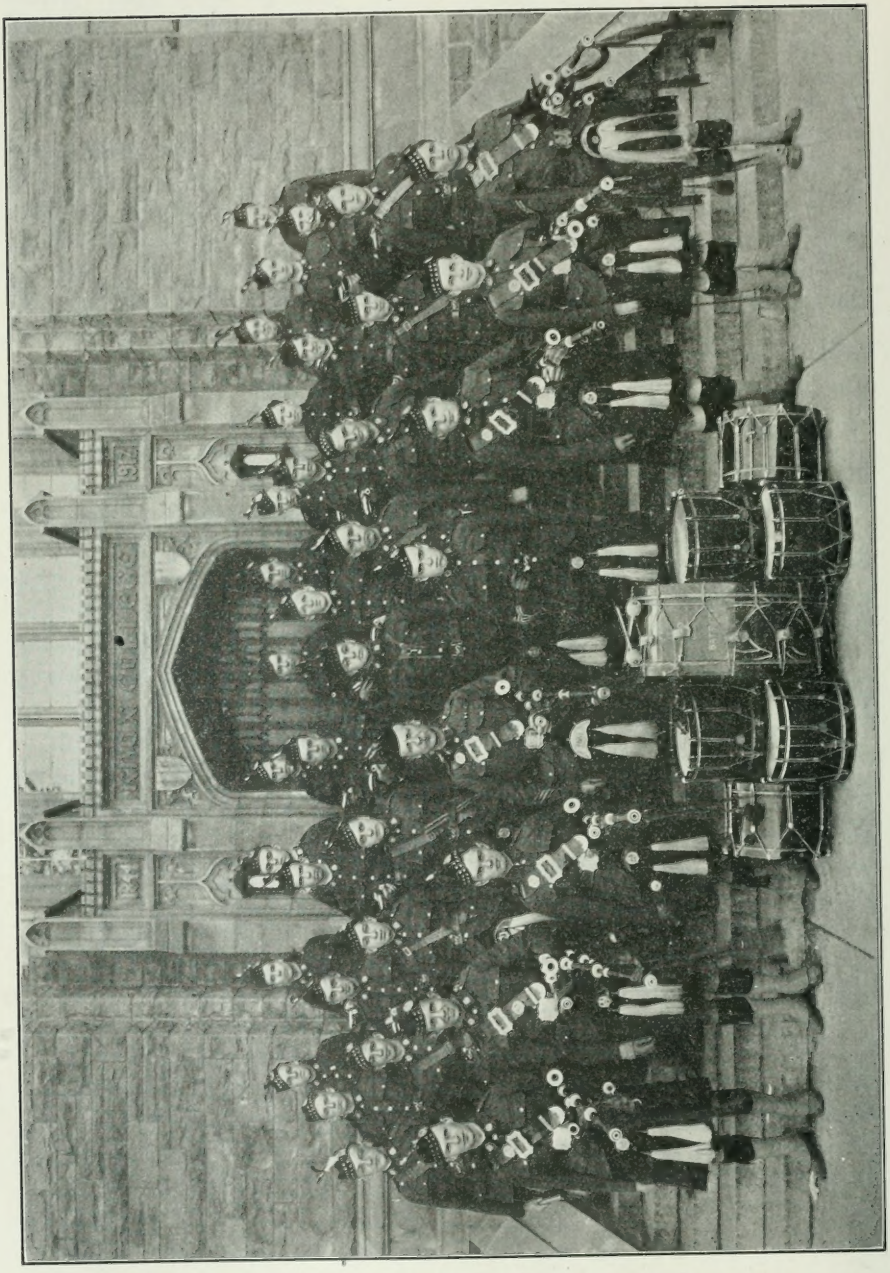
Fred W. Bryan, on April 28th, 1920, to Miss Frances Dorothy Walsh.

Michael Jaques de Shertinen, on April 29th, 1920, to Miss Grace Wellwood.

Reay Curtis Vandervoort, on April 19th, to Miss Tillie Cleminshaw.

BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. U. I. McTavish, on March 15th, a son.



THE BAND, 1920

The School

THE VISIT OF GENERAL TOWNSHEND.

ABOUT a quarter to three, on the afternoon of May 3rd, 1920, word was sent around that St. Andrew's College was to be honoured by a visit from Sir Charles Townshend.

He, as we all knew, was the commander who with 4,000 exhausted troops and two months' rations withstood the repeated attacks of the enemy at Kut-el-Amara for five months.

He is not a large muscular man, as one might suppose, but rather a genteel, refined man of middle age. His simple, modest, confidential style wins for him many friends wherever he goes. There is a wealth of humour and good fellowship around his thin-lipped firm mouth. In civilian attire he appears more like the Sir Charles Townshend of the Gloucestershire gentry, than a major-general in the British army.

At four o'clock the Cadet Corps and band were drawn up in the hall of the academic building by Lieut. Pringle. After a very short interval General Townshend arrived and inspected the Cadets, with whom judging from his comments, he was very favourably impressed. While he was registering his name in the visitors' book, the corps filed into the chapel, where he had promised to deliver a short address.

Dr. Macdonald, who until this time had been detained elsewhere, now joined him in the chapel. He spoke of General Townshend as "one of the greatest soldiers in the world to-day", to which the boys responded with loud applause. After touching on the part played by our Old Boys in the Great War he introduced the distinguished soldier.

Amidst great cheering, General Townshend arose and after a few well-chosen words, wishing the present boys "good luck", he concluded by requesting that Dr. Macdonald give the school a whole holiday. This, much to the delight of the boys, was granted the following day. While the General was driving away the school bade him farewell with a rousing "Hoot!"

We hope that this will not be his last appearance in Toronto, and take this opportunity in expressing our appreciation of his visit to St. Andrew's College.

RUSSELL T. BLACK.

DR. CROSSLEY BATT.

As the great majority of the notable persons who visit our school each year are gentlemen, we were very much surprised, when Dr. MacDonald introduced Dr. Crossley Batt, to see a lady arise to speak to us. She began and continued to speak with that ease which marks an experienced speaker. Her manner was forceful, displaying a thorough knowledge of her subject. After listening to her for some little time it was easy to understand why she had been chosen by the "London Times" to be their special representative in Canada.

After her graduation from Oxford University as a Doctor of Science, she accepted a position on the staff of the Chemical Research branch of the War Department. Here she spent a great deal of her time during the war endeavouring to discover new and better means of combating the gas menace. At the close of the war she was employed by the "Times" to visit the various British Colonies and to encourage greater industrial development in the Empire. Since then she has visited many of these countries and at the time of her appearance at St. Andrew's College she had practically completed her tour of Canada.

In her address to us she spoke of Canada's industrial position at the present time. She said, "Canada has passed the pioneer stage. Now it is an absolute necessity that she build up her industries to the highest point of efficiency, as the position of any country depends on its industrial development. Raw material is not lacking, but the use of science in industry is neglected". In closing her remarks she made a special appeal to the boys to enter some of the scientific professions so as to help build up Canada in the years to come and to lift her to her proper position among the nations of the world.

SCHROEDER.

CHEVALIER BERTELOT'S VISIT.

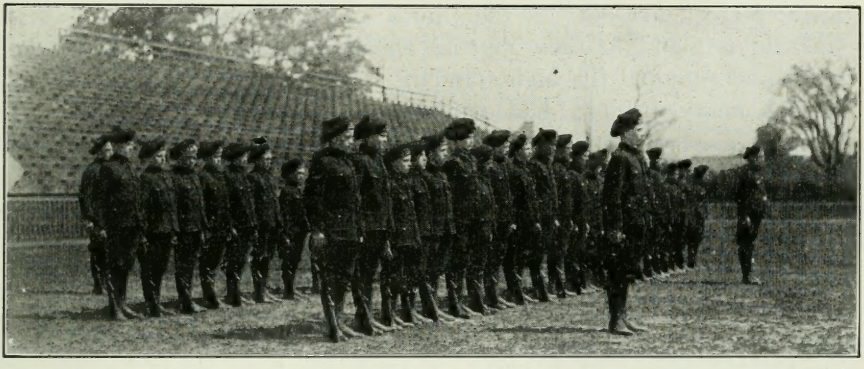
On the morning of the 26th of May we were agreeably surprised to see a grey dressed Italian soldier enter chapel with Dr. Macdonald, on being introduced to him we found that our visitor was Chevalier Bertelot, the first Protestant Pastor allowed in the Italian army. In his address he especially mentioned the friendliness of the Roman Catholic priests towards the Protestants during the war, and their loss of hold on the people. He also spoke of the intense cold on the Alps, which, though it impeded, did not hinder the Italians. Lastly he spoke of his real mission that of procuring help for the Italian war orphans. This the school was asked to vote upon, whether or not they would aid them, and it was unanimously decided in the affirmative.

G. B. ROBINSON.

THE INSPECTION OF THE CADET CORPS.

The 28th of May was the day chosen for the inspection of the Cadet Corps. We marched up to the Stadium, and took up our position in in the centre of the field. Colonel Barker, our inspecting officer, shortly arrived, and while the band played the Slow March, inspected us. A short rifle drill, some movements, and the march past the saluting base followed; some more movements, and we gladly took up an "easy" position in the shade, where Col. Barker in a few minutes came to tell us where we had succeeded and failed. Then the march back to school and coolness, ending a very satisfactory Inspection Day.

C. B. ROBINSON.



JUNIOR CADET CORPS

CHAPEL SERVICES.

As has been the custom for the past few years, many of the sermons on Sunday evenings, during the summer term, have been delivered by visiting speakers. The following have been kind enough to address the college on various occasions throughout the term:

Dr. Neil, minister emeritus of Westminster Church.
Mr. Palmer of the school staff.
Principal Gandier of Knox College.
Principal Grant of Upper Canada College.
Sir Robt. Falconer of the University of Toronto.
Rev. J. Little of Westminster Presbyterian Church.
Prof. Manson of Knox College.

CHURCH PARADES.

On Sunday morning May 16th, on the invitation of Rev. James Little, the Senior Cadet Corps paraded to the Masonic Temple, the temporary quarters of Westminster Presbyterian Church. As this was the first appearance of the band neither drummers nor buglers were at their best. The pipers on the other hand did remarkably well. Both corps and band were handicapped by the absence, through illness, of officers and men.

At Canon Cody's request, a parade to St. Paul's Church was arranged for May 28th. This second appearance was marked by a notable improvement both with respect to the increased strength and also the general smartness of the corps. The Lower School spirit was evidenced by the large "turn-out" of the Junior Corps. Although their College caps did not add to their martial appearance, they nevertheless endeavoured to equal the high standard of efficiency which the Seniors, through many drillings, had attained.

RUSSELL T. BLACK.

THE UPPER SIXTH

Never before in the annals of the school have boys of such marvelous intellect and dominating personality been grouped together in one form, as in this year's Upper Sixth. Unparalleled in scholastic attainments, supreme on the field of sport, and unsurpassed in social popularity, they stand unique among their fellow students as true examples of stalwart Canadian manhood.

FINDLEY, W. F. "Bill"

A professed woman-hater, although he lives opposite the Academy of Music. This young man would make a model husband, but is at present setting the example to the Upper Sixth as to how a bachelor should exist. A good head, but he seldom uses it. His idea of a good time is being at home "Doing a little work". This gentleman hails from Carleton Place.

GRANT, W. G. "Chawpy"

From one of our foreign mission fields, Trinidad. Although quite civilized he still holds to a few of his old barbaric customs, such as cricket and soccer. Having decided to come to St. Andrew's he laid aside his grass skirt and bobbed his hair, which is now the envy of the Branksome Line, since it has that delightful wavy fuzziness brought about by the super-abundant use of cocoanut-oil. We caught him young and treated him rough, however, and he is now in a position to carry away a few of the academic honours of the year.

INGS, J. H. "Jasper"

At the early age of two he could pronounce with emphasis and the characteristic shake of the head, "Oh My Gosh". Though he hails from P.E.I. he has overcome this handicap to a certain extent by spending part of his time in Southern France and wasting the rest of it here. Like all small boys he wanted to be an engineer, but, sad to relate, he hasn't grown out of it.

MACPHERSON, C. M. "Murray"

What complexion! "Those" hair! What a figure! Oh! Add to these the silver-topped baton of the drum-major, and the sinuey movements of Romanelli, and we have Murray in all his splendour. Cleopatra vamped and landed men, but Murray————????

P.S.—He attributes his success to Pond's vanishing cream and to Glover's Mange cure.

MCGREGOR, G. R. "Meggie"

Was born in Montreal and is doing his best to make it famous for something other than being wet. He is rivalled only by Jack Demsey, Barney Oldfield, Blondin, and Wallace Read. It would take the pen of Alger to describe his many accomplishments in detail.

ROBERTSON, A. M. "Wuzzie"

The only one from the West in our form for which we are truly thankful. He has used a Durham Duplex Safety-razor for two years and found it perfectly satisfactory. He is also the official photographer of the Branksome Hall Sports and even took the chance to photograph our humble selves. Many and varied are his attainments which we are ever hopeful of unearthing.

SCHROEDER, G. D. "Buck"

Another leading light in the realm of learning. Although he descended upon us from the unheard-of village of Hanover, he is quite used to street-cars now and can navigate Young street with ease, although he has more practice in the Elm Ave. region. His ambition is to hear his voice on a Victor record with $7.00 stamped on it.

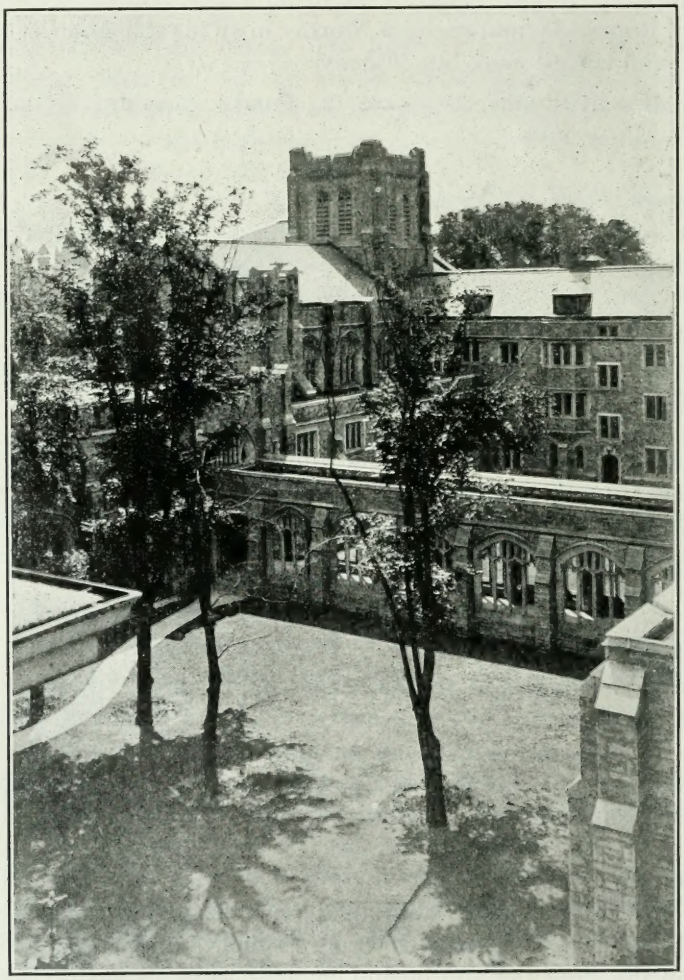
STIRRETT, A. G. "Kid"

The Prince of Whales, and silent partner in the R. Stirrett Co., Petrolia, Ont. What he lacks in brain he makes up in brawn. He this year won the wrestling and boxing championship, as well as the senior championship at the Athletic Meet. He also made three first teams:

namely, the Football, Hockey, and Cricket teams. A remarkable youth this, of whom we would like to say more, but we wish to live to see our names in print.

THORLEY, G. R. "Chick"

He has attended this school for many moons and as a result his "line" rivals that of Hindenburg. He bears the heavy duties of Day-boy-Prefect without a murmur, occasionally being seen in morning chapel and one or two periods a week. He plays Cricket as a side line.



QUADRANGLE

GAMES

S.A.C. vs. WEST TORONTO C.C.

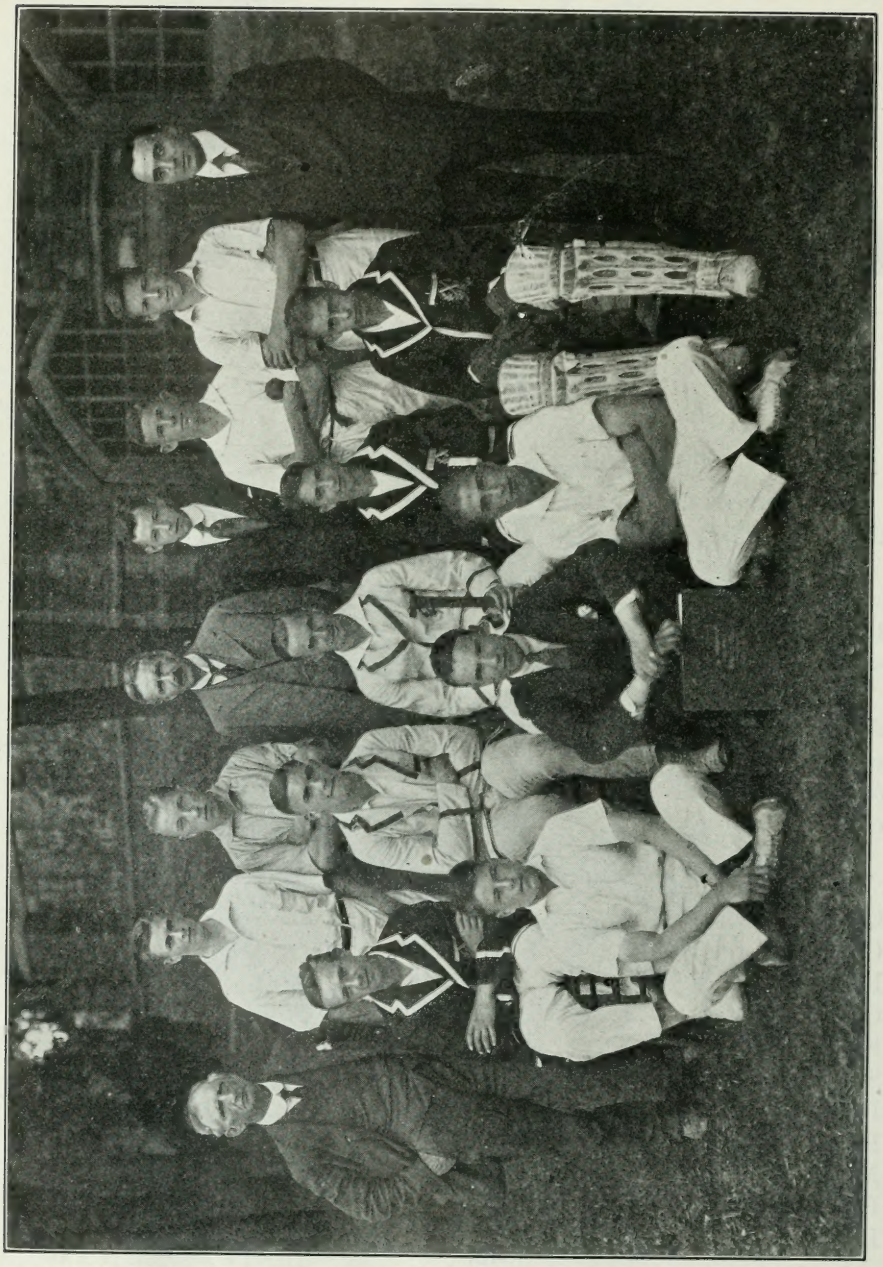
On Saturday, May 1st, St. Andrew's First Cricket Eleven opened their season by a practice game with West Toronto C.C.

The day was not very suitable for cricket and West Toronto could not succeed in getting out a full team so they had to fill in with school fellows. In spite of these facts St. Andrew's made a very good start which, to say the least, is very encouraging.

St. Andrew's won the toss and Clift and Cameron battled first. After about an hour's batting they were retired, not out, to give the remainder of the team a chance to bat. Clift made 67 and Cameron 51 runs. The extras bringing their total to 124 runs which, we believe, constitutes a record for school cricket.

Following is the score:

S.A.C.		W.T.C.C.	
Clift I (not out)	67	Keen c. Ellis	10
Cameron I (not out)	51	Booth (not out)	19
Lyon b. Green	44	Lister b. Lyon	5
Grant I c. b. Lister	3	Green b. Lyon	30
King b. Green	1	Hille did not bat	
Sterrett c. Keen	0	Newland " "	
Findlay III b. Green	5	Earle " "	
Ellis I b. Lister	5	Patterson "	
McCannell b. Green	16	Wills " "	
Peene c. Newland	3	Sissons " "	
Lewis (not out)	0	—— " "	
Extras	22		
Total	217	Total	64



1ST CRICKET XI., 1920

S.A.C. vs. ROSEDALE C.C.

On Saturday afternoon, May 15th, St. Andrew's played a practice game with Rosedale Cricket Club.

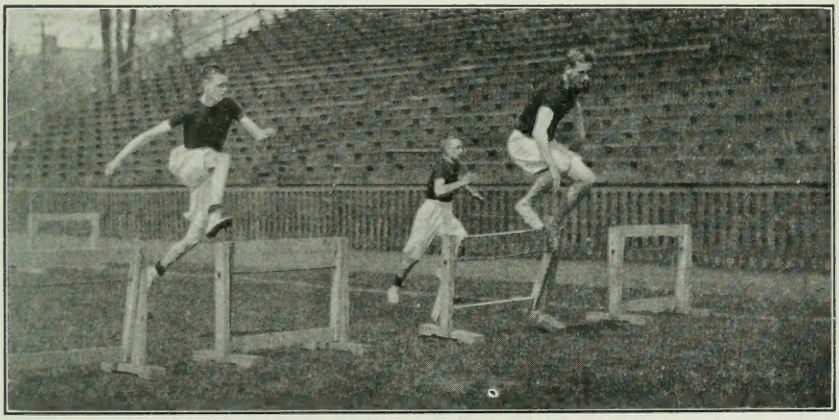
The day was an ideal one and the game was thoroughly enjoyed.

St. Andrew's won the toss and batted first. After securing 196 runs for 5 wickets they declared. Grant was top scorer with 57 not out while Clift and Cameron upheld their former reputation, the former making 57 and the latter 46.

Rosedale were minus two of their best men but played very good cricket. Heath was responsible for most of the wickets while MacGregor batted 19 runs.

Following is the score:

S.A.C.		R.C.C.	
Clift I b. Heath	57	Goodman b. Grant	0
Cameron I b. Heath	46	Gartshore c. b. Lyon	0
Lyon b. Heath	0	MacGregor b. Lyon	19
Grant (not out)	57	Bell, not out	13
King b. Paris	12	Lewis c. Cameron	5
Sterrett b. Heath	6	Heath (not out)	5
Findlay III (not out)	8	Cameron did not bat	
Earle II did not bat		Dean " "	
Peene " "		McKinnon " "	
Ellis I " "		Beaubanks " "	
Lewis " "		Snow " "	
Extras	10	Extras	2
Total	196	Total	44



HURDLES UNDER 16—1ST, KING

S.A.C. vs. OLD BOYS.

On Saturday afternoon May 29th, the First Eleven played their annual game with the Old Boys.

The day was an ideal one for cricket and for the opening of the new playing fields at York Mills.

The Old Boys batted first and Dr. Macdonald, Headmaster and President of the A.A.U. of Canada formally opened the grounds by bowling the first ball.

The Old Boys were retired for 89 runs, of which McKenzie got 26 and Taylor 24. Afternoon tea was then served by Mrs. Macdonald and assistants, after which the School went to bat. When stumps were drawn at six o'clock we had 63 for 2 wickets. Grant with 25 not out was the leading batsman.

The bowling of Auld and Taylor for the Old Boys was exceptionally good, while for the School Clift secured 4 wickets for 15 runs.

Old Boys		S.A.C.	
Auld c. Grant b. Clift	1	Clift b. Auld	10
Wood b. Grant	3	Cameron c. Gallagher b. Taylor	10
Taylor b. Grant	24	Grant (not out)	25
Hewitt c. Cameron b. Clift	3	Lyon (not out)	14
Sale b. Ellis	11	King did not bat	
Gallagher b. Grant	0	Stirrett " "	
Richardson lbw. b. Ellis	11	Findlay III "	
McKenzie c. Lyon b. Clift	26	Earle II "	
Macdonald b. Clift	4	Peene " "	
Gillespie (not out)	0	Ellis I " "	
		Carreck "	
Extras	6	Extras	4
Total	89	Total	61

T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.

On Saturday, June 5th, we played our first Little Big Four cricket game with Trinity College Schools at York Mills.

It was our first school game on the new grounds and the event was fittingly celebrated by our victory.

Winning the toss we batted first and secured 107 runs. King made top score with 21 while Grant made 20.

T.C.S. were not so fortunate and were retired for 57 runs. Mulholland was the only one to run into double figures making 24 runs.

St. Andrew's did not do so well in the second innings, but Cameron's 31 helped us along to 83 runs.

T.C.S. did not complete their second innings as stumps were drawn at five o'clock.

The team fielded well and special mention must be made of Grant's fielding and bowling.

1st Innings

S.A.C.		T.C.S.	
Clift I c. Wilson b. Onslow	10	Luke b. Grant	3
Cameron I b. Nickel	7	McCaul c. Findlay b. Clift	6
Grant I b. McCaul	20	Nickel c. King b. Grant	6
Lyon b. McCaul	15	Onslow (run out)	0
King b. Nickel	21	Smith c. Cameron b. Grant	8
Stirrett (run out)	4	Mulholland b. Grant	24
Findlay III c. Foster	5	Wilson c. Grant b. Lyon	1
Peene b. Nickel	2	Cameron c. Grant b. Lyon	3
Ellis I (run out)	1	Foster (not out)	6
Earle II c. Onslow b. McCaul	0	Cayley b. Lyon	0
McCannell (not out)	0	Webster c. Grant b. Lyon	0
Extras	19	Extras	0
Total	104	Total	57

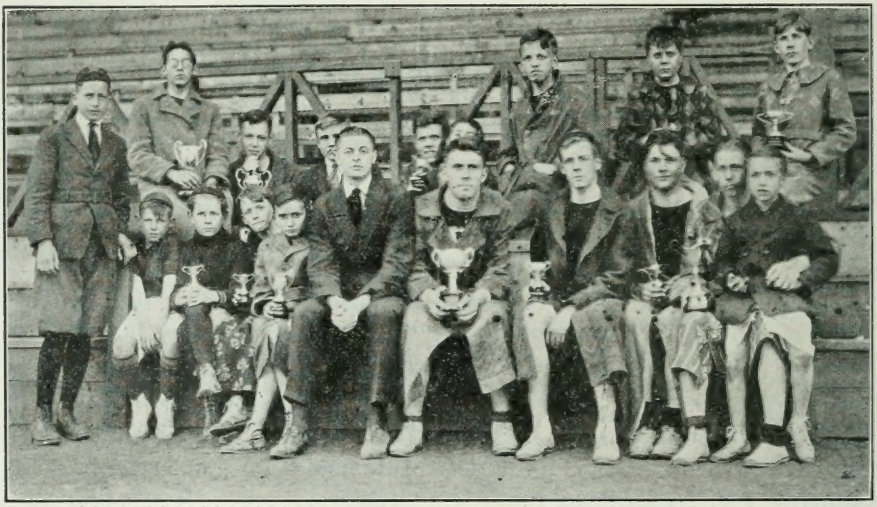
2nd Innings

S.A.C.		T.C.S.	
Clift I c. Wilson b. Onslow	6	Nickel c. Stirrett b. King	16
Grant I c. Wilson b. Nickel	1	Mulholland c. Cameron b. King	0
Cameron I c. Mulholland b. Nickel	31	Foster (not out)	3
Lyon (run out)	4	Luke did hot bat	
King b. Onslow	0	McCaul " "	
Stirrett c. Webster b. Onslow	12	Onslow " "	
Findlay III c. Webster b. Onslow	0	Cayley " "	
Peene c. Wilson b. Onslow	12	Wilson " "	
Ellis I c. Wilson b. Onslow	0	Cameron "	
Earle II (not out)	6	Smith " "	
McCannell c. Wilson b. McCaul	0	Webster " "	
Extras	11	Extras	0
Total	83	Total for 2 wickets	19

Sports Day.

Our Twentieth Annual Sports Day was held on Wednesday, May 19th, at the University Stadium. The afternoon was ideal for the occasion and the programme of events was run off in record time, due to the splendid co-operation of the Field Committee. A pleasant surprise for the College was the visit of the Falcon Hockey team, World's Champions, accompanied by Mayor Church.

His Honour the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Lionel Clarke with Miss Diana Clarke were interested on-lookers, Mrs. Clarke, at the conclusion, presenting the prizes.



SPORTS' DAY—CUP WINNERS

The different events were decided as follows (championship events are marked with an asterisk):

*1 Mile Run:

1 Home II, 2 Stirrett, 3 Daly. Time $5.15^{3}/_{5}$

*½ Mile Run:

1 Stirrett, 2 Home II, 3 Troel. Time $2.22^{2}/_{5}$

*440 Yards Dash:

1 Stirrett, 2 Scythes, 3 Cameron I. Time $57^{3}/_{5}$ secs.

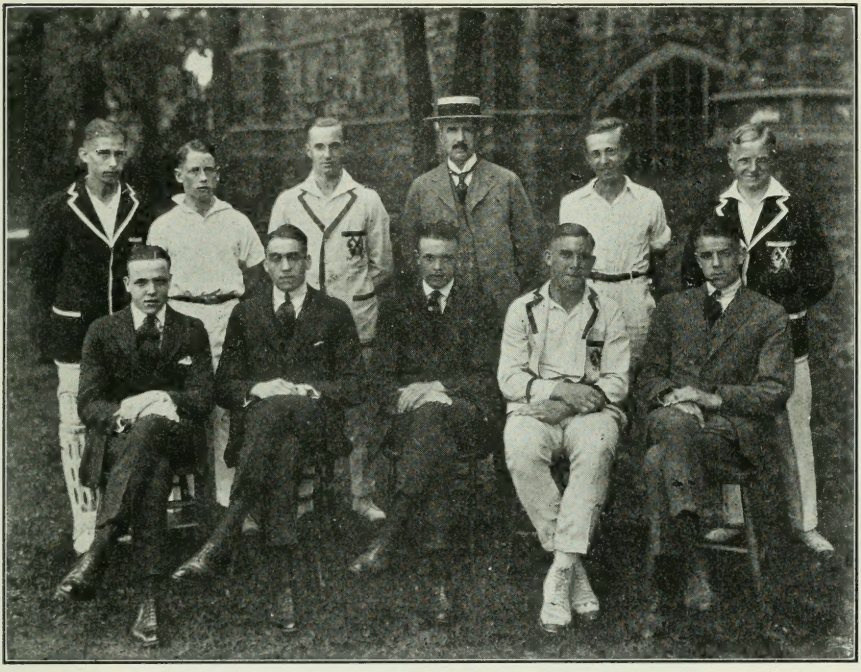
Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior):

1 Sheridan, 2 Peene. Distance 206′ 4″

Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior):

1 Gore, 2 Lyon

KICKING FOOTBALL (Junior):
1 Beer, 2 Sweetman, 3 Reid
*RUNNING HIGH JUMP (Junior)
1 Rivera, 2 Gore, 3 Beer
*STANDING BROAD JUMP (Senior):
1 Sissons, 2 Grayson, 3 Marshall I. Distance 8′ 9½″
*STANDING BROAD JUMP (Junior):
1 Gore, 2 Rivera, 3 Noonan



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

*RUNNING BROAD JUMP (Senior):
1 Grayson, 2 Stirrett, 3 Sissons. Distance 16′ 10″
*RUNNING BROAD JUMP (Junior):
1 Beer, 2 Gore, 3 Rivera
PUTTING THE SHOT:
1 Stirrett, 2 Grayson. Distance 36′ 4″
100 YARDS DASH (under 17):
1 King, 2 Rivera, 3 Marshall I. Time 12⅕ secs.
50 YARDS DASH (Prep. Forms):
1 Ridout, 2 Brown II, 3 Bengie II

*100 YARDS DASH (Senior):
1 Stirrett, 2 Sissons, 3 Ferguson. Time $11^{1}/_{5}$ secs.
HURDLES (under 16):
1 King, 2 McConnell, 3 Home II. Time $20^{1}/_{5}$ secs.
100 YARDS DASH (under 13):
1 Lanz, 2 Noriega I, 3 Archibald I. Time $14^{2}/_{5}$ secs.
THREE-LEGGED RACE:
1 Grant I and Robertson III, 2 Cameron II and Patterson III
*220 YARDS (Senior):
1 Stirrett, 2 Sissons, 3 Scythes. Time $25^{3}/_{5}$ secs.
100 YARDS (under 16):
1 King, 2 Rivera, 3 McCannell. Time $12^{1}/_{5}$ secs.
LOWER SCHOOL RACE (Handicap):
1 Dennis, 2 Lanz

OBSTACLE RACE

*100 YARDS DASH (Junior):
1 Rivera, 2 Gore, 3 Beer. Time $12^{2}/_{5}$ secs.
THREE-LEGGED RACE (Prep.):
1 Gordon III and Temple II
*HURDLE RACE (Senior):
1 Sissons, 2 Cameron I, 3 Marshall I. Time 21 secs.
*220 YARDS DASH (Junior):
1 Rivera, 2 Beer, 3 Robertson IV. Time 29 secs.
SACK RACE:
1 Herchmer, 2 Cameron II, 3 Grant I
OBSTACLE RACE:
1 Stewart II, 2 Power, 3 Munn II

*Running High Jump (Senior):
1 Cameron I, 2 Sissons, 3 Stirrett. Height 4′ 11¼″
*Hurdle Race (Junior):
1 Rivera, 2 Robertson IV
Old Boys Race:
1 Cossitt, 2 Gallagher, 3 Hewitt
220 Yards Dash (under 17):
1 King, 2 Rivera, 3 Hambly. Time 29 secs.
Consolation Race (Senior):
1 Ferguson, 2 Peene, 3 Robertson I
Consolation Race (Junior):
1 Reid, 2 Marshall III, 3 Noonan
Table Relay Race:
1 Syer's Table, Cameron I, Paterson IV, Gould and Troel
Senior Championship: Stirrett
Junior Championship: Rivera
Senior Boarders' Championship: Sissons
Junior Boarders' Championship: Beer

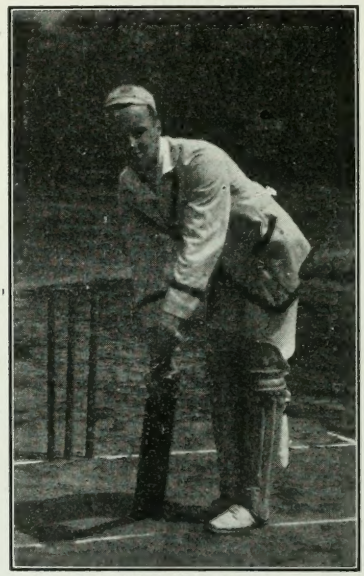
MRS. CLARK PRESENTED THE PRIZES

THE BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT.

On Tuesday evening, March 23rd, the finals in the Annual Boxing Wrestling and Fencing Tournament took place in the Knox College gymnasium.

The events this year were more keenly contested than ever, as is evidenced by the large number of entries. Where in former years the preliminaries took only a few days, this year they extended out over a period of a week.

Stirrett won the College championship in both boxing and wrestling. This is his third consecutive year as boxing champion. Macgregor put



CAPTAIN CLIFT

up a good fight but the difference in weight and strength was too great and the bout lasted only one round. In the wrestling Syer held him off for eight minutes but finally succumbed to Stirrett's greater strength.

In the 105 lb. boxing class we were treated to an excellent display of skill. Murchison I undoubtedly was much stronger than Beer and gave some heavy punishment in the beginning, but the plucky way in which Beer "stuck it" and finally won gained for him the admiration of all those present.

Gordon put one over on the Giant in the 55 lb. wrestling. The bout was long and full of excitement. First one, then the other got an advantage only to lose it as quickly as he got it. The bout proved too much for the winner and he had to go home thereby giving Giant first place in the boxing in the same weight.

This year an Old Boy, Mr. Ivan Kirkhouse, presented to the school a cup to be awarded to the boxer who showed the most skill and put up the most sportsman-like exhibition. The cup, which was presented by Mrs. Macdonald, was awarded to Beer.

There were two other double champions. Ellis I, a husky lad from Newfoundland, won both events in the 135 lb. class; while Earle I, another lad from the east (he hails from St. John, N.B.), carried off the 158 lb. boxing and the 145 lb. wrestling.

Following is the result of the finals.

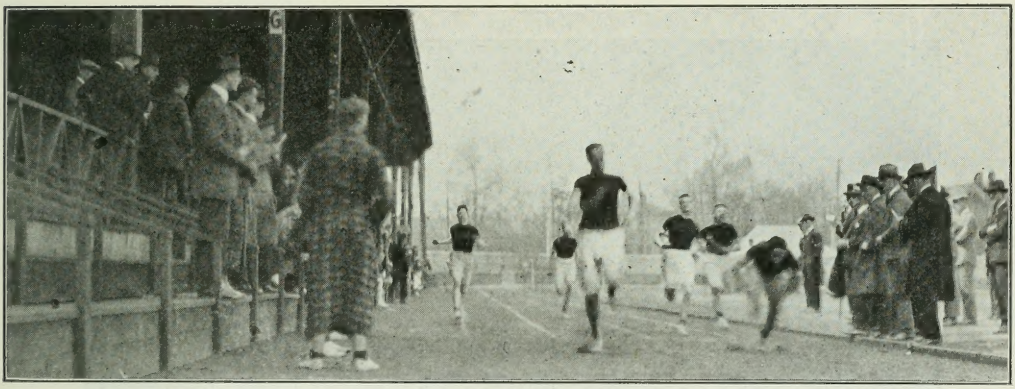
FENCING.

Junior Championship.

1st, Robertson III 2nd, Wood

Senior Championship

1st, Robertson II 2nd, Robertson IV



BOXING.

55 lbs.—1st, Robertson V

65 " 1st, Cumberland 2nd, Noriega I

75 " 1st, Stewart II 2nd, Nicoll II

85 " 1st, Colebrook 2nd, Watts

95 " 1st, Noonan 2nd, Carrick III

105 " 1st, Beer 2nd, Murchison I

115 " 1st, Findlay III 2nd, McMurtry

125 " 1st, Seaton 2nd, Denovan

135 " 1st, Ellis I 2nd, Glendenning
3rd, Robins

145 " 1st, Macgregor (by reversion Earle I)

158 " 1st, Earle I

College Championship—1st, Stirrett

WRESTLING.

55 lbs.—	1st, Gordon III	
65 "	1st, Noriega I	2nd, Cumberland
75 "	1st, Banfield II	2nd, McLennan III
85 "	1st, Colebrook	2nd, McWilliams
95 "	1st, Herchmer	2nd, Noonan
105 "	1st, Murchison I	2nd, Munn I
115 "	1st, Patterson III	2nd, Marshall III
125 "	1st, Earle II	2nd, Gore
135 "	1st, Ellis I	2nd, Cameron I
145 "	1st, Earle I	
158 "	1st, Syer	

College Championship—1st, Sterritt

PREFECTS, 1919-1920

EXCHANGES.

We wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges.:

The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto.

The University Monthly—University of Toronto.

The Chronicle—Niagara Falls High School, N.Y.

The Windsorian—King's College School, Windsor, N.S.

Boone Review—Boone University, Wuchang, China.

The Collegian—St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Record—Lake Lodge School, Grimsby, Ont.

The L.C.I. Review—London Collegiate Institute, London, Ont.

Acadia Athenæum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Acta Ridleiana—Bishop Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.

Inklings—Ethical Culture School, New York, U.S.A.

The Collegiate—Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Ont.

Branksome Slogan—Branksome Hall, Toronto.

Blue and White—Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.

The Ashburian—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.

College Times: Your magazine, as usual, is very good and shows that a lot of time has been spent in compiling it.

The University Monthly: Is just what it should be.

The Chronicle: It is very well edited and is very interesting.

The Windsorian: An interesting little magazine. The article "A Glimpse of the Past at Old Kings College" was splendid.

Boone Review: Your magazine is always very interesting to us, as it gives us an idea of school life in China.

The Collegian: Your flower number is one of the best exchanges we have received. The cover design is very pleasing, and the material, as a whole, couldn't be better.

The Record: A very neat little magazine, the cuts and cartoons are good. Why not enlarge it with stories, exchange department, etc.

The L.C.I. Review: Your paper is improving steadily. The cartoons and headings are excellent and it contains some very clever and well-written articles.

Acadia Athenæum: No doubt very good in some respects, but is rather dry and too serious.

Acta Ridleiana: Contains many interesting articles. Your joke column might be enlarged and you should add a table of contents and the magazine, as a whole, is inclined to be abrupt.

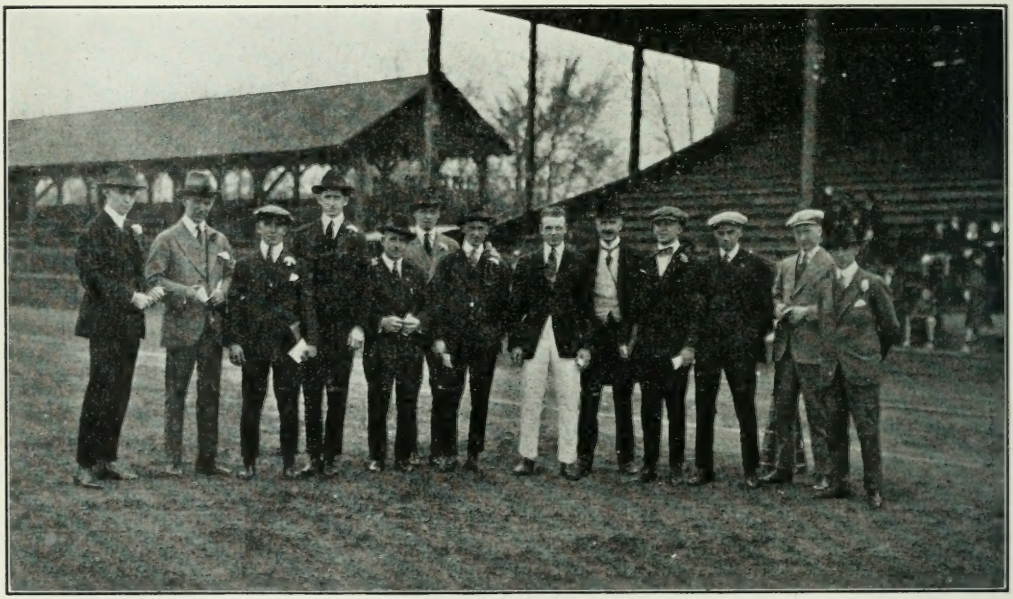
Inklings: The stories, poetry and headings are excellent. We think some cuts would add greatly to the appearance and it might also contain more school news.

The Collegiate: It is very complete and is full of school news and activities. The stories and poetry are good, and, life at your school seems to be very pleasant.

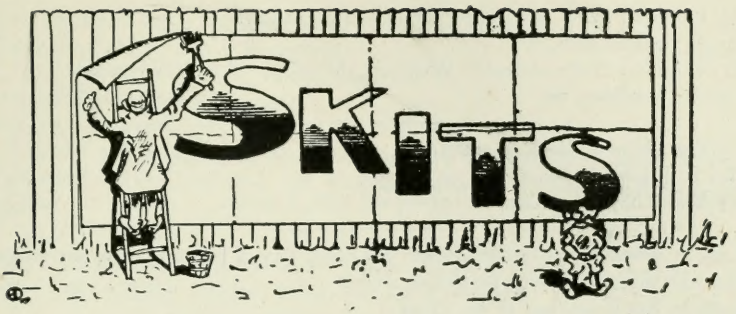
Branksome Slogan: A well balanced magazine, contains many interesting stories. The headings are exceptionally good, so is the junior department.

Blue and White: A very compact magazine. A few cuts would tend to give it more life.

The Ashburian: Your magazine is very interesting and full of school life. A little more fiction would improve it.



WINNIPEG FALCONS—WORLD'S OLYMPIC HOCKEY CHAMPIONS



A dago who had a bad fall
Got up and started a brawl.
He killed seven cops, five Poles and ten wops
With a weapon that looked like an awl.

There was an old Duchess of Bligh,
Whose rank was exceedingly high,
At the last coronation
She shocked the whole nation
By preceding the king in a fly.

There was an old Jew of Cologne,
Who said he had never been shown
How a cat and a mouse
And a cheese and a louse
Could remain in a room all alone.

There was an old man of the sea,
Who went on a horrible spree,
He had a crazed notion
To swallow the ocean,
And left the whole world on the lea.

There are lots of jokes around the school, but it wouldn't be healthy to print them. Look at the Prefects.

Mr. Findlay (to Peene who is late for school): Well?
Peene: Not very.

Bethune I: Why did Schroeder wear a veil while singing in the Minstrel Show?
Knechtel: To strain his voice, I guess.

Syer (to clerk in store): What have you in the shape of oranges?
Clerk: Only cricket balls.

Buckley: I saw a sign down town to-day that read "Cast iron sinks". Just as if anybody wouldn't know that already.

Mr. Laidlaw: What are the people of France called?
Carson: Frenchmen, sir.
Mr. Laidlaw: Quite correct. What are the people of Sardinia called?
Carson: Sardines, sir.

Scythes: Why is Black so small?
Ellis I: I don't know.
Scythes: They raised him on condensed milk, I guess.

Earle I: When I was in the kitchen the other day, a rat ran out of the stove.
Earle II: Did you throw something at it?
Earle I: No, it was out of my range.

Ashton: Who was the first man out of the Ark?
Black: Noah, of course.
Ashton: Wrong, we are told that Noah came forth, therefore there must have been three ahead of him.

"I don't give a rap," said the taxi-driver, as he rang the electric bell.

A farmer once called his cow Zephyr,
She seemed such an amiable Hephyr.
When the farmer drew near
She kicked off his ear,
And now he is quite a bit dephyr.

Ex.

"Gee, I just made a bad break," said the chef, as he threw away some rotten eggs.

Robertson III: I saw some apples upon a tree this morning, but being unable to reach them, I asked a young lady for a ladder.
MacLaren I: Did you get one?
Robertson III: No, she just gave me a stare.

Grant I: I got an awful scare this morning; a spider ran up my arm.
Paterson IV: That's nothing. At the tailor's this morning a sewing machine ran up the leg of my trousers.

Smith I: Why do you keep your girl's picture in your watch, Murray?
MacPherson: Because I hope she will love me in time.

Daddy Mills: You have just had that suit two weeks and it looks as if you had slept in it.
Ashton: So I did in church last Sunday.

Ellis I: I always call my girl Revenge.
Chalker: Why?
Ellis I: Because Revenge is sweet.

Mr. Laidlaw (to Bernhard): Explain how the Whigs got their name.
Bernhard: Because they wore long white wigs.

Glenn: Have you forgotten you owe me a quarter, Stirrett?
Stirrett: Give me a chance to forget it.

(From Boyd's examination paper):
American Invasion, 1776—
"Arnold won a victory at Montreal, but was defeated by General Wolfe, who was in command of the Canadians. He was later defeated by General Brock at Queenston Heights."

Carrick I: Say, Cadie, how many shots have I made at this hole?
Caddie: I don't know, I didn't bring my adding machine.

Mr. Laidlaw (to Lower VI): Gladstone, like his father, had a little Scotch in him.

Mr. Findlay (to Ashton): Parse the word "kiss".
Ashton: The word "kiss" is a noun. It is often used as a Conjunction. It is never declined, and is more common than proper. It is never used in the singular, and is always plural. It agrees with me.

Mount: Why does Carson wear his wrist watch when running?
Hazel: Trying to keep up with the time.

Mr. Montizambert: What is the noise outside?
Ellis I: A Ford, sir.
Mr. Montizambert: We can't afford to listen to that.

Mr. Fleming (teaching Algebra): How will I get rid of Alpha?
McGregor: Throw him out, sir.

Clift I: Why don't gold fish ever get hungry?
Smith I: Because they live in Bowles.

Colonel Taylor: Why is the College Street house such a puzzle?
Mr. Laidlaw: I am sure I don't know.
Colonel Taylor: Because there is a Riddell in it.

Mr. Findlay (to Fourth Form): What are oxen?
(Long interval—usual in the Fourth Form—no answer.)
Mr. Findaly: What is a cow then?
(Longer pause. Great excitement.)
Bernhard: I know, sir; she lays milk.

Giant: Mr. King, please get me a goat.
Mr. King: Oh no, a goat would horn you.
Giant: I would cut his horns off.
Mr. King: But he would butt you.
Giant: No he wouldn't, I would cut his buttons off.

Hutchings I: Why is the McGill group the best English speaking group in the school.
Calvert: Impossible, the Toronto group is.
Hutchings: No, the McGill group; they know the least French.

Howard: What Pine has the longest and sharpest needles?
Mosher: The porcupine.

Colonel Taylor: What is the matter, Buckley?
Ellis I: He attempted suicide, sir.
Colonel Taylor: How is that?
Ellis I: He attempted to fight me, sir.

"No, sir," said the Manager, "No house in the country has more people pushing its wares than this firm".
"What do you make?" asked the inquirer.
The Manager: "Perambulators, sir".

Ex.

If any person can inform Calvert how milk gets into cocoanuts, will he please do so, either by letter or in person.

Miss Brookes: That policeman won't let that poor blind man stand on the corner.
Mrs. Montgomery: That is the second time he has lost his site.

Minister in church: I will not tax your memory any longer.
Teddy Smart: I am so glad—more pocket money.

Chalker (entering a haberdashers): Do you keep all kinds of ties here?
Clerk: Yes, sir.
Chalker: Well, then, give me a pigsty.
Clerk: Lean right over until I take your measure.

Rumour has it that the rising bell will ring at 6.00 o'clock next year. This is no joke.

Stirrett may be the champion boxer in the school, but Courtney Proctor's fight makes the Kid look like a nickel in the U.S. Treasury.

Blauvelt (seeing a picture of the Cadet Corps): "Oh! look at me and the rest of the Corps".

Hack driver to Leckie: Say, you are 25c. short.
Leckie: Well, you'll find two bits in the horses' mouths.

Carrick I: I see in the paper that they found Columbus' bones the other day.
Scythes: Why, I never knew he was a gambling man.

Cameron I: What would you give for a voice like mine?
Daly: Chloroform.

Hunter II (hearing Gould playing the piano): Say, Harvey, play your other piece for a change, will you?

Maclaren I: I ran a paper once; it was called "The Blood", but it didn't pay.
Redmond: How is that?
MacLaren I: It had such a poor circulation.

Troiel: What are you going to do this summer?
Gould: Help my father.
Troiel: What does he do?
Gould: He is a retired gentleman.

Boyd (at table): A meal is never complete without a big hunk of cheese.
McLeod: Never mind, Chalker is here.

Hutchings' new philosophy. It is for the janitor to clean out the Bank, not the teller.

(From Carson's Exam. paper):
The poor man received severe injuries at the hands of a bull dog.

Scythes: If you were tired of this world, what would you do?
Baird: I don't know, what would you do?
Scythes: Try some other paper.

Mr. Goodman: I notice you have a new pair of pyjamas on.
Bethune I: Yes, I ran away from my others.
Mr. Goodman: You mean your others ran away from you.

Buckley (in Lit.): The poor soldier who had lost his left arm, picked up a knife and cut off his right one.

Black (to Peene, who is feeling moody): I don't believe the biggest fool in the school could make you laugh to-night.
Peene: Try me and see.

Calvert (at the Museum): I don't like the armour the ancients wore.
Mr. Laidlaw: Why?
Calvert: It would be so hard on the furniture.

Some people think that Ford jokes are out of date, but they evidently don't know about Bethune and his car.

Dr. Macdonald (hearing Smith I, Giffin, MacPherson, Reynolds, Knechtel, Blauvelt and Hutchings II singing in the sick room): I never knew the mumps ruined one's voice.

"What's in a name?" said Harry Nicoll, as he spent a dime in the Tuck Shop.

Mr. Magee: Where is Blauvelt to-day?
Stollmeyer I: He has the mumps.
Mr. Magee: At last he has something in his head.

Schroeder (to Grant I): You can't sing, you don't hold your voice.
Grant I: If I had a voice like yours, I wouldn't hold it, I would throw it away.

Mr. Goodman: Don't you ever get tired doing nothing?
Mosher: Yes, sir, so tired I can't do anything else.

(We expect that the future generation will study Carson in place of Shakespeare.)

Giffin: I hear MacPherson has the mumps.
Grayson: Yes, and he is all swelled up over it.

Mr. Fleming (to Gordon I): What are two kinds of Ants?
"Chip" Gordon: One is an Aunt and the other is a bug.

Found at the bottom of the Bursar's latest report:

Go easy, my boys,
When you are flush with your cash;
For one day on chicken
There are six days on hash.

Scene (the Hart House swimming tank):
Instructor Smith II: Fall in!
(A loud splash is heard as Mosher disappears into the tank.)
Smith II: Two deep!
Mosher (from the depths): Why didn't you tell me before I fell in?

IN THE MUMP WARD

I am lying here propped up in bed,
With pillows piled all round my head,
My face is swelled an awful size,
I am a shock to any eyes.

Five of us are in here now,
As many as the beds allow,
The others are much worse than I,
They look so funny I want to cry.

But we have lots of fun up here,
Eat Cole's ice cream and other cheer,
We don't care, if it lasts a year
So please don't worry.

Kenneth Briat Carson.

Ellis I: Are you sending your suit to the presser?
Cameron I: I don't know; he is just my size.

Syer (to the Cadet Corps): Company—"Whoa!"

Stirrett: How old is this lamp, sir?
Col. Taylor: About three years.
Stirrett: Better blow it out; it is too young to smoke.

Blauvelt: Over in the United States we have a lilac bush twenty feet high.
Reid: Gee, I wish I could lielac that.

Ferguson says: It is too bad that girls don't like pool; there are so many pockets involved.

Young lady: What is the shape of a kiss?
MacPherson: Give me one and we'll call it square.

Gould: Down in the battery I was wounded with a shell.
Mount: Did it explode?
Gould: Why no, it crept up and bit me.

The Upper Sixth asked Mr. Fleming how many apples Adam and Eve ate. He figured it out something like this.

Adam ate 1 apple and Eve ate 2	3
Adam 81 and Eve 2	83
Adam 81 and Eve 82	163
Adam 814 and Eve 82	896
Adam 814 Eve and Eve 814 Adam	1,628
Adam 81 and Eve 8124 Adam	8,205
Adam 814 Eve and Eve 8142 Adam	8,938
Adam 814 Eve and Eve 8142 please Adam	8,956
Adam 8142 please Eve and Eve 8142 please Adam	16,284
Adam 8142 please Eve and Eve 81242 please Adam	89,384

The Upper Sixth are now confident that they will be able to pass their exams.

We hear that poor Reynolds
Is laid up in bed,
He drank some hair tonic
Which went to his head.

Hutchings was a Doctor,
He charged like the dickens,
He had a patient
Named Ogletree Sissons,

Ogle borrowed from Duncan
To pay the M.D.
Now poor old Ogle
Is leaving S.A.C.

K. B. Carson,

(He pays the Editors to put this in. Don't blame us.)

Schroeder: I want something funny to put in my memory book.
Knechtel: All right, step outside and I will take your picture.

Findlay II: Spent a day at school this term.

Carrick I (to Pringle): Hello, Colonel.
Pringle: I'm not a Colonel, I'm only a Lieutenant.
Carrick: O you know what I mean, the inside of a nut.

Lewis (at the table): Please bring me another knife; this one hurts my mouth.

The S.A.C. boys are seriously considering taking a collection to send certain Masters over to the Olympic Games to represent Canada in the Tennis Championships.

Mr. Laidlaw: When was the revival of learning?
Hard working student: It is on now, sir.

"Barrie" MacLaren's idea of a good joke. "Jimmie Boyd".

WHO

He blew on his tea,
And gargled his soup,
Spilled food on his knee,
Made his fork loop the loop.

He swallowed his knife
A thousand times o'er,
Speculation was rife,
Would he chew iron ore?

Seizing food by left and right
He goes on his way,
He's a very sorry sight
In Bowles—we'll leave you to say.

ANON.

Our advice to Black to defeat the high cost of living would be to return to his short pants. He could also obtain children's tickets on the Street railway.

Hutchings II (at the Inspection): Don't those brushes on the front of the uniforms look jake?

Grayson: I'll have you know I sprang from a very noble family.
Syer: You must hold the broad jump record then.

SAYINGS OF THE PREFECTS

Syer: "Good morning, sir."
Smith I: "Well, I was on duty, sir."
Clift I: "Where are those cricketers?"
Stirrett: "Say, bo', I wanta to tell yo'."
MacPherson: "Ken—let's go for a walk."
Grayson: "All right, fellows."
Glenn: "Is that you, Ruth?"
Thorley: "A letter for me to-day?"

AFTER EXAMS—WHAT THEN?

"Hello Fred! Haven't seen you since the Easter Issue. What sort of show are you making at the Exams?"

"Not worrying much, Jack. Expect to make a better showing than last year, because I've been plugging like a Trojan all this last term. Say, Jack! Remember the confab we had this Spring—when you had so much to say about a college chap having exceptional opportunities of making good in business? Remember—at first I didn't agree with you, but you eventually got me interested? Well, I've given the thing considerable thought lately and actually made some enquiries. I got some good dope at Eaton's. Found that the promotion system you mentioned keeps a fellow going higher if his ability justifies it—in fact they have a chart arrangement and it's almost impossible for a man to remain on one job too long if he proves he can do better work. They'll even move you to another department if the class of work is not quite what you're suited for. It appeals to Dad too. He says that when my next year is up he'd like to see me get into and grow up in just such an institution."

"You've got the right idea now, Fred! I've been considering the possibilities of trying for a connection in the Eaton Store too. Of course, I can understand the necessity of education in the office and statistical end of it, but they tell me that a good education is a big asset in the Merchandise Departments too."

"Certainly! The Employment man down there told me that the buying, the selling, and the stocking of merchandise requires a lot of sound judgment, and it's perhaps the most scientific part of the retail game. And—you know, the training we gain here is just the right preparation—develops your judgment, teaches you to analyze and so on."

"Well, I'm strong for business, Fred, and as soon as exams are over I'm planning to go to the Big Store, start at the bottom and give all I have to make good."

"Good luck, old man. I'll keep an eye on you, and within another year you'll have a rival. I'll be right on the job close on your heels."

"S'long, Jack."

"S'long, Fred."

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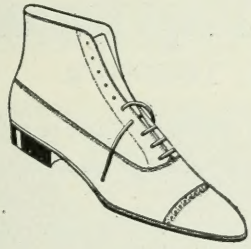

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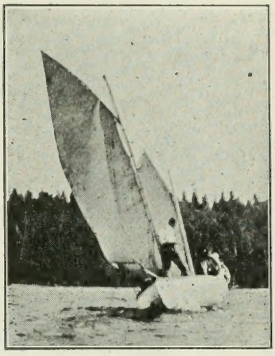

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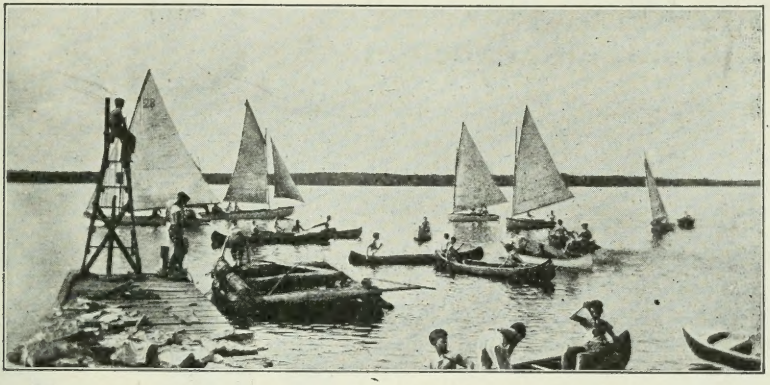

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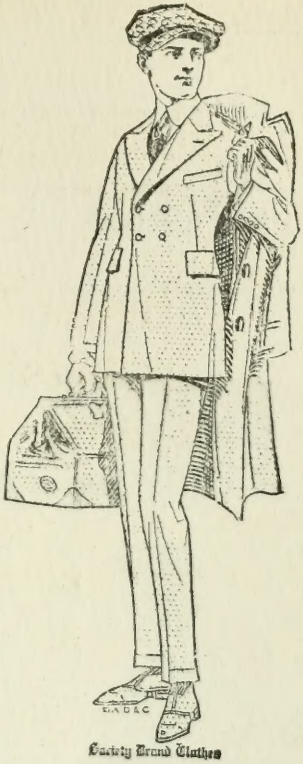

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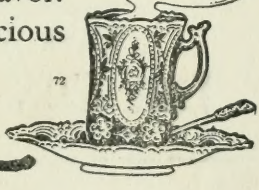

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